

W. R. Ellworthy Esq. with kind regards
to the Author.

NEW YEAR'S SERMON

PREACHED ON 2ND JANUARY, 1881,

BY

REVEREND DAVID MITCHELL,

Pastor of John Street Presbyterian Church, Belleville,

AND NOW PUBLISHED BY

MEMBERS OF HIS CONGREGATION.

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BELLEVILLE:

PRINTED AT THE DAILY INTELLIGENCER OFFICE, BELLEVILLE.

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Calm on the bosom of thy God,  
Fair spirit, rest thee now ;  
Ev'n while with us thy footsteps trod,  
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust to its narrow house beneath,  
Soul to its home on high,  
They that have seen thy look in death,  
No more may fear to die.

*And He said unto them, Follow me, and I will make you Fishers of men.*  
—Math. IV. 19.



TEXT: I seek not yours, but you. 2 Cor. xii. 14.

I do not know a more appropriate text which can be taken as a motto for the year on which we are entering. It is one of those short, antithetic sentences which mark the writings of the Apostle Paul. He can honestly say this. For while laying much stress upon the right of laborers to their hire, or the duty devolving upon the people to support their pastors, he yet can proudly hold up his hands and say: "These hands have ministered unto my wants." The Apostle had come amongst the Corinthians, not like some Jewish merchant for the purposes of personal gain. He had labored long and earnestly in their midst, and no one could allege as the reason that he sought some selfish end of his own. He had visited them a second time, and it was still with the object of gaining them to Christ, and not of making profit by any kind of commerce. It was his purpose now to come to them a third time, and he held before them his animating object in the words of this text, "I seek not yours, but you." Paul was in truth a noble example to all who would sincerely follow him as preachers of the Lord Jesus Christ. Their vocation is to win men to the Saviour. "Follow me," said Jesus to the earliest of his disciples, "and I will make you fishers of men." In this respect the business of a minister differs from that of other men in general. We cannot but associate the idea of money-making with other callings. A merchant in buying and selling could not well say in the hearing of his customers, "I seek not yours, but you." A tradesman or mechanic in engaging to serve another for certain wages would incur ridicule were he to conclude his bargain with such words as those of the Apostle. The Ishmaelite trader might use the phrase in a literal sense to the poor Joseph whom he was seeking to make his slave, and say to him, "I seek not yours, but you." But we know that is not the meaning of the Apostle when he uttered these memorable words. No. The genuine missionary or minister of the cross never dreams of money-making as the object of his life. His is a nobler employment. It is to gain men for the Master. In a true meaning of the words, he is

seeking to have a property-interest in his fellow-men, by bringing them out of the darkness of ignorance and sin into the marvellous light of Divine grace and truth. What a property we may thus come to have in men ! What a possession may we have in souls that are saved ! Let us carry out this thought to-day as an appropriate theme for the beginning of another year. Let us speak of the property-interest one may acquire in his fellow-men. And it becomes us to show,—

(I.) In the first place, that the property we may have in one another is *real*. Is there a reliable sense in which we can have vested interests in men? Jesus Christ was eminently a fisher of men. His mission to this world was to “seek and save the lost.” He came in order to make them his own. Let us take one of the numberless instances which are recorded in the Saviour’s life, the meeting between Him and the woman at Jacob’s well. At first they are far removed from one another. But Jesus seeks to make her his own by rendering the most precious service which one can do for another. In the veiled form of a beautiful figure, He tells her of living water which He has to give, and which in those who drink of it shall be a well of living water, springing up into newness of life. When at length He draws aside the veil, and reveals the wickedness and shame of her past life, the utter barrenness of her heart before God, and the complete satisfaction to be found in Him as the Messiah, He has done her a service which will lead her in return to say, “let me be thy slave, thy servant, thy daughter—anything, only that I be near Thee, and doing Thy will.” But Jesus in a deeper and truer sense than this purchased a right and title in men. He gave his life a ransom for sinners. “Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold . . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.” Before the death of their Lord the disciples were called his—his servants, his followers. But, oh ! how intensely did they now realize they were his when they looked back to that awful death on the Cross. The favorite designation of every one is—a servant of the Lord Jesus,—a servant, that is a slave, or the property of the Lord. Paul no longer regards himself as his own, but as belonging to Christ. He felt he had no longer any claim upon himself, for soul and body he belonged to God, “by whom he was called into the fellowship of his son Jesus Christ our



Lord." Paul had thoroughly relinquished himself into the hands of Jesus Christ, because he owed his soul's salvation to the death of his Lord. He owed everything to Christ. Therefore, he was an ambassador for Christ. He was ready to go any where that Christ's spirit would lead. He took no longer any account of himself as his own. He was Christ's—the Lord Jesus Christ owned him.

While not to the same extent can one man have a property in another that Christ has in those whom He has saved by his blood, yet it is given to us to establish such a right in another that we can call him our own. We feel that were any one to run the risk of death in order to save our life, that man would henceforth have a right in us which the grateful heart of the saved one would be far from disputing. What was it that impelled Grace Darling to the madness—as the world would call it—of leaving the lighthouse, and with her father dashing through the furious billows to reach the shipwreck before the last victim would be claimed by the devouring waters? To save life she thought not of her own. In every stroke of the oar there was the purchase price by which she was to make the drowning men her own. It was with a feeling of pride we read of the heroic conduct of the firemen in Toronto. When that man mounted the frail ladder and leaping through the window into the midst of smoke and fire, he was at length seen emerging and carrying on his back a man rescued from destruction; or when again not content with his victory over the fiery foe, he rushed back amid the devouring flames, and when coming forth and bearing in his arms a little child, what meant those ringing cheers from the crowd below, as, tottering and ready to fall, he placed his precious burden in the arms of others? It was the cry of admiration for a man unselfishly throwing his life into the flames to save other lives. And had these victims lived, would there not have been established between them and their deliverer, a peculiarly tender relationship? They would have been his, in a sense in which a mother calls these children her own. He had established a claim that could never be set aside. So it is indeed with a mother. Her claim to call these children her own is constituted by the tears she has wept over them, by the sufferings she has endured in their behalf, by her sleepless vigils, by her prayers to God for them. How genuinely can a mother say, "My son, my daughter."

It is in this sense the Apostle says, "I seek not yours, but you." I seek you. I want to make you mine in virtue of what I am

ready to bestow upon you. And so it is, brethren, with every minister, every teacher in the Sabbath-school, with every man seeking to save his fellow-man. What is it that makes a piece of property mine? You say it is the money I pay for it. But that money is representative. It is my toil—it is the energy I expend—it is my skill. The pioneer in this country might well say, "This farm is mine, because I have put into it the labor of many years. It has been watered by my tears. I have put my health, my very life into it." And what is it that gives a minister his right in souls? It is the truth which he imparts. It is the prayers by which he brings down heaven to his fellow-men. If you have been the means of turning a soul from darkness unto light, you will feel towards that man all the tenderness of a mother, and he will show to you all the devotion of a son. How much more real is this property-interest than any other! It is a vested right that no trickery of law, or no violence of thief or murderer can ever disturb. The Apostle sought the real property when he sought men, not the things which belonged to men. And when you are endeavoring to bring men to Jesus, or when you are expending your capital of prayers, and tears, and earnest efforts to accomplish this end, you are seeking a real property—indeed, far more real than that which consists of money or estate! What a precious thought is this! How it exalts a minister's work! putting that work in its true light. How it brings to view the work of every Christian man or woman! Yours is a glorious work, brethren, for the reason that every man who is saved by your instrumentality becomes yours by a right and title which cannot be disclaimed.

(II.) What a *beautiful* property is implied in this exposition of the text! For there is not anything more lovely than a man saved from sin and death. It might well be that amongst the Corinthians there were some who owned large possessions, and the Apostle in saying that he sought not their possessions but themselves, was really choosing that which would retain its brightness long after the beauty of the other had passed away. It might be the lot of one of us to win to Christ a man of princely fortune or a lady who owned a large estate. From which would the most dazzling light be reflected—from the gold or silver or diamonds, or from the man himself? There is something here that is incomparable. For what more lovely spectacle could there be than a man's countenance



beaming with the light of heaven? Contrast for a moment the lady whom we have imagined, and the estate which she owns in her own right. Her mansion may be a palace, around which are extensive grounds that slope down to an undulating river whose water is clear as crystal, and on whose banks shady trees extend their verdant branches. On these grounds there may be every known tree from the lofty and umbrageous oak to the graceful cedar in Lebanon. They may present the appearance of a grassy lawn dotted with beds of flowers of every hue and perfume, while in the enclosure that is set apart as a garden there may be the greatest taste displayed in the disposition of variegated plants and richly laden fruit trees. The lordly mansion itself may be of symmetrical form, constructed of purest marble, relieved by columns of polished granite. As the massive oaken door is thrown wide open, brilliant reflections come from crystal fountains, and your eyes are dazzled with ornaments of gold. Besides the tastefully painted ceilings and richly decorated walls, oil paintings of the masters and ancient statuary excite your admiration. There is everything, in short, in that beautiful mansion to please and delight the eye. But could you compare all this beauty and brilliance with her who, through your blessed work and influence, is giving herself to the Lord? See her kneeling at the altar of prayer, her eye steadfastly gazing into the heavens, her uplifted hand stretched out to take the hand of Jesus. But now listen to her words as she earnestly converses of her Saviour, and of the kingdom He has purchased for the sinful. What pure and holy utterances they are! How gracefully do the thoughts of Scripture well from her heart! Or, listen to her with that beautiful curly-headed child on her lap as she opens the simple story of Jesus to his eager mind. Or see her laying aside her costly garments, and now, with saintly dress of white and with a simple flower in her hand, she goes on her errands of mercy to the humble cottages of the poor. Tell me, can that beautiful mansion with all its wealth of furniture and magnificent surroundings, be compared to this tender and loving one whom you have turned to God? In which of these would you—as the servant of Christ—like to have the largest rights? Here is a sight I have been privileged to see—a congregation made up of those who were once fallen and depraved, but who, having been sought out by the missionary, are now the children of God. Listen to their sweet hymns of praise, and there from eyes that once glistened with the glare of passion, from hearts that were steeped

in wickedness, from voices broken with hoarse blasphemies and sullen oaths, there are reflected to you the beauty of holiness, the light of truth, the incense laden prayers of the saints, the peace of heaven. Could there be anything more beautiful than that? Yes, Sabbath school teachers, here is the Lord's garden—your Sunday school composed of little ones. How lovely the sight! How delicious to hear those tender lips lisping the sacred names of the King of heaven! Watch their eager look as they listen to the story of the Cross. See their glistening eyes as you tell them of a child dying in the arms of Jesus? Could there be anything more to be desired? These children will by and by become as the tall oaks, and the beautiful sycamores, and the shady cedars, and the twining vines in the garden of the Lord. With the fruits of the Spirit in rich clusters hanging from their branches, can I, my brethren, present to your minds anything that is more attractive and delightful?

(III.) What a *valuable* property we may thus come to have! "I seek not yours, but you." These words tell me this, that the man who seeks not mine but me, regards me—the man—as more valuable than all I happen to possess. This is true of the millionaire that he himself is more precious than his coffers filled to repletion with gold. Men generally make the mistake of valuing rather what they have than what they are. Nay, it is true, although few can realize it, that the untold wealth of Australian mines is not to be compared in value to a single human soul. You call this a poor investment I have made when I speak of having an interest in that poor drunkard whom I have helped to save from the deep damnation of vice. I do not regard it so. For it is clear that according to the statements of Scripture, he is precious in God's sight and precious in the sight of the angels and redeemed. "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." What am I doing when I ply such a man as this with earnest questions about the state of his soul, when I seek to implant the truth of God in his heart, and when I bring him to the loving Saviour? I am taking a valuable jewel from the mud. I am washing that jewel with tears of sympathy. I am burnishing it with the frictions of admonition and instruction. It is now so bright and lustreful, that as it is held up to the Word of God, the divine image of Jesus is seen shining from its bosom. Or, compare for a moment the king on the throne, having an empire at his command, able to bring continents under

tribute to him, having untold forces ready to obey his will, who yet has not the love of God in his soul,—compare him with that poor laborer whose home is but scantily furnished, to whom the Bible is of more value than the costliest library, who is enjoying the blessings of Heaven in his soul, who is walking in the ways of peace,—which is the richer of the two? “The king,” you say. The world says “the king.” But I say “no,” for the Bible says “no.” It is the poor man, and therefore I come to say this, that if I have a property-interest in men, I have a more valuable possession than if they gave me all they owned. Why am I to take the poor wretched sinner by the hand? Or rather, for we should bring all things to this bar of judgment, why did Jesus speak to publicans and harlots? Fancy Jesus stopping on the street to speak to a poor woman whom the proud Pharisee would pass by in perfect disdain. If ever there was a lesson read to the world as to the value of a single man, it was when Jesus addressed Zacchaeus, the publican, and said, “Come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house.” Why, *must* abide at the house of a man who was a worthy object of contempt in the estimation of every patriotic Jew? Simply because he was a man, with a soul to be saved, with a heart yearning to be satisfied, with precious powers and faculties to be consecrated. Why did Jesus deign to listen to the words of the thief on the cross, and why speak back to him in language of tender sympathy? Because that malefactor was a man. Beneath the accretions of crime and passion and dishonor, there was the sparkling, priceless jewel of manhood. It might be lost to sight—trampled upon—despised. But there it was—a bright and glorious jewel. Imagine the view Jesus took of the men and women who crowded upon him, or were swaying to and fro with the conflicting passions his presence and words invoked. They were men. “He did not come to call the righteous but sinners to repentance,”—because these sinners were men, with immortal longings, with heavenly capacities. Give Christ the offer of a kingdom—to be clothed in purple and gold—to receive the plaudits of countless subjects, with fleets at his command, with a perfect mint ever before him; or the offer of an interest in souls by saving them, and which do you think he would take without hesitation? It would be the men—because they were men. That was ever the way with him. He counted that He would have a greater wealth at the close of his life by gathering men around him, and instilling into them the truth of Heaven, than by owning lands and houses and kingdoms.

It is the same with that ardent loving Apostle who was ever ready to lay down his life for men, who compassed sea and land for men, who spoke to men,—whether they were cultured Athenians or uncouth savages—who spoke to them of Christ, the power of God and the wisdom of God. He was seeking men—not their possessions. I can imagine the Apostle thanking God for one soul with more fervid gratitude than he would for a fortune laid at his feet, and why? Because a man was in his view infinitely precious—precious in the sight of God and before the angels,—therefore, precious in his. Fancy Paul in gaol blessed of God to the pulling down of the strongholds of sin and Satan. How did he feel concerning that gaoler whom he had been the means of saving. That gaoler was worth more than the crown and sceptre of Rome which he represented—worth more than the wealth of the Imperial city in the view of the Apostle. And so it will be with the followers of Jesus to-day. You are to be fishers of men—because men are more valuable than anything we can name. Go, brethren, on your mission to souls with this feeling—I may be the means of taking one soul from the mire, and setting it in the glorious crown of Immanuel. Go to your class, Sabbath-school teachers, with the thought that one of these little ones may be saved for Christ, nay that all of them may yet be His. Go, full of faith, nothing doubting, for Christ has promised to be with you in this work of winning souls. What takes a truly consecrated man away from his home and friends, where he would have every advantage to rise on the social ladder, and where he would have every comfort and luxury at his command. What took Alexander Duff from the certain prospect of rising in the Church at home? What led William C. Burns to give himself to China? What is the secret of our own apostolic Mackay immersing himself amongst the idolatrous Chinese and the fierce savages of the Island of Formosa? These men go forward at the command of Christ. They remember the commission to preach the gospel to every creature. They leap up at the call, “Come over and help us,” because they feel they are called to quarry a mine of wealth, such as cannot be found in the gold beds of Australia or California—the mine of human souls. Have we the Spirit of the Master in us—to value a human being at what he is worth? Then, no sacrifice will be too great, no price we are to pay will be regarded as out of due proportion. In winning a soul for Christ, in gaining a man



from sin, we will feel we have accomplished a result that cannot be represented by any symbol of value.

(IV.) In seeking men, and not the things which belong to them, we are seeking to possess ourselves of a most *productive* property. What do we regard in business as a profitable investment? Something that pays, is the general answer. Now what is the true idea of a paying property? It is when a property produces something other than itself, and is found constantly increasing in size and improving in quality, then it may be said to be profitable. It does not follow that by so investing money you increase it four or a hundred fold, you have a property which in the true sense is a paying one. The miserly hoarder of money is, tried by the word of God, making very poor investments. The man who is getting rich on the principle of extravagant usury may be a very bankrupt in regard to the proper enjoyment of life, to his mental culture, or his eternal welfare. We see what it is for a husbandman to make a good investment. He buys as fertile fields as his means will permit. He puts into them the richest substances that are needful for the stimulating of growth. He labors industriously from early morn till dewy eve in tending his crops, in overcoming noxious weeds, in gathering in the produce. When one bushel of grain yields twenty or forty bushels, and leaves the soil rather richer than what it was before, we call that a profitable farm. When the vine-grower succeeds in turning a waste place into a luxurious and productive vineyard, we call that a paying property. When, from industrious savings, you set out with building one dwelling-house for your own accommodation, or that of your fellow-men, and from that have gone on until now you are a loved and respected landlord on a large scale, or when you so manage an estate that instead of a few starving families, it is dotted with comfortable homes, it is worthy the name of a productive property. In the intellectual realm you succeed when, from the books you have purchased and the laborious studies in which you have engaged, you are able to work as teacher or author, and to impart to others those ideas which have made your own minds, or when you make journeymen or masters of your apprentices, and teachers and authors of your pupils, you are surely reaping that which you have sown. And how true is this when it is applied to the winner of souls in making disciples for Christ. Think of the gain to the world from the conversion of Paul. He



becomes a fisher of men. Here is his golden motto, "I seek not yours, but you." He gains a Timothy for the Lord, or a Titus, or some mother or sister. The property he is desiring is accumulating in his hands. Timothy becomes in turn a fisher of men. While the Apostle is day by day planting seed that will grow and mature, his disciples are in other fields similarly employed. They are working for souls. These men they seek become again workers for God. In seeking men the Apostle was aware he was investing in a property the productiveness of which was incomparable. Think of what I may be the means of accomplishing by the seed I am planting this day. God grant that many of you, who may not before have thought seriously of spiritual things, may this day give heed to God who is beseeching you by us, to be reconciled to Him. But what if one of you yield your heart to God, you may yet be called, like our own Mackay, to be a missionary. Suppose you are led to the resolution to be a missionary, you will be seeking men at once—you will not wait till you get to India or China. You will go to work to-day in the vineyard of the Lord. When at length you set sail for a foreign shore, like Alexander Duff or Wm. C. Burns, you will be seeking men on board the ship. Like Morrison in China, years may pass before you get a single convert, but God may give you converts at once. It may be that a single convert means ultimately the conversion of a nation, or a continent. Would not the property I this day acquire in you be of a most productive nature? There is no end to the productiveness of this property. Think of Mackay's eight years in Formosa! two thousand native Christians, twenty churches; many little ones singing to-day, "Jesus loves me." These are some of the results. And what will be the history of the next eight years? Who can tell? For the producing power is ever increasing. The handful of seed, if perpetuated from year to year, will by and by cover millions of acres of our great North-West. What may other eight years in Formosa do for the Lord? There may be a Presbyterian Church in that Island of the proportions of our Church in Canada of to-day. There may be 50,000 or 100,000 Christians by that time. There may be a University like this,\* educating students for the Ministry. There is no property so productive as this. There is nothing like this in the vegetable kingdom. There is nothing like it in the pro-

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\* This Sermon was preached in the Course before the Students of Queen's College, on 30th January, 1881.

ductivity of animal life. Think of the influence of the labors of one man like a Luther, a Chalmers, or a Livingstone upon heaven itself. Oh! what rapture, what joy for the Christian saint to realize in heaven that which is meant by the expression, "his works do follow him!" Think of the blessed experience it must be for a pastor, a Sabbath-school teacher, a parent or friend, to see this man, or that woman coming into heaven to join the glorious throng. You helped to save them when on earth. Now they are saved—now they are in heaven! God be praised! will be the universal shout as others—and it may be hundreds, aye thousands—are seen entering heaven through the labors and prayers of those whom you were instrumental in converting, and whom you left in the world behind you. Your works do follow you. Your labors shall not be in vain in the Lord. In due season you shall reap, if you faint not.

(V.) In seeking men, rather than the things which belong to them, the Apostle is securing for himself a *lasting* property. He feels that the grasp with which men hold earthly possessions is most illusory. In a day, in an hour, these may be taken from us. It is a sad history—the history of the changes of ownership through which properties have passed. Even in the older countries, with laws of entail in fullest force, it is a frequent and solemn lesson to witness the departure of the old family from the home in which their many generations dwelt. I have seen the tenants of a Scottish Highland estate gathering with sullen looks around the new owner, muttering treasonable thoughts as they followed him in his march of inspection, and at a word from their leader ready to resent the intrusion. But they had to submit, for the old laird was bankrupt and dead, and the youthful heir of the family name had to leave his ancestral halls to make his living in the city. In younger countries how often is such a change witnessed—properties passing from one to another like currency—those one day proudly regarding themselves as rich and the next overtaken by financial disaster. It is not long since we read of a deluge of water sweeping away the good soil of a property and the ripening crops, and leaving nothing but the barren rock. How little would the owner have dreamed of such a disaster! It is so indeed with all earthly properties; they are liable to change—to lose in value—to pass from one to another—or to be completely destroyed.

But it is not so with the property we have in men. It is not thus with the purchase Jesus made of human souls. Here is an

everlasting inheritance. What does Jesus mean by these unearthly words, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me; for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." Jesus can regard the redeemed as his own for ever, for He says: "All mine are thine, and thine are mine, and I am glorified in them." His one thought—that proves the incentive to all his undertakings—that makes him content with a lot, with which that of the foxes with their dens, and the birds of the air with their nests, cannot be compared—this one thought is, that He is to gain a property in men that shall never pass away. They will be *His* when the worlds are swept into oblivion, *His* when the light of the sun and stars is extinguished, *His* when the present economy of the world's history is a thing of the past. By the beautiful parable of the Vine and its branches, the Saviour showed the abiding relationship of believers to himself. They are one, and, as Jesus is the eternal Son of the heavenly King, and is to reign for ever and ever, those who are united in Him shall enjoy an endless felicity. This parable is a figure of Christ and all believers as they are in the heavenly Kingdom. The saints are the inheritors of everlasting mansions. Oh! it is Christ who has the right and title to own the countless saved. These are His property. They are His for ever. Nothing can disturb this relationship. The enemy cannot assail Heaven's battlements and take the redeemed from the Lord of Glory.

The Apostle felt, however, that while all the ransomed belonged forever of right to the Lord Jesus Christ, he, too, had an interest in men that would never pass away. He sought the Corinthians not only for time, but also for eternity. What might be the joy he would experience on witnessing the conversion of the Phillippian gaoler, was a joy more lasting than the sun, for the cause of it could never be removed. We may imagine the Apostle in heaven gazing with rapture in the countenance of him whom, on earth, he startled with his night-songs in the prison cell, and if this be so, what must be the delight of the Apostle in the possession of the tens of thousands who have been saved by his instrumentality! It is in truth an inheritance that fadeth not away.

And here, finally brethren, is what I would have you consider, that, in seeking men, you are seeking a property that is lasting—that cannot fade—that cannot be worn away by the frictions of sin.

That child whom you have taught to read the Book of God, whose lips you have shaped to utter words of praise and prayer, whose little feet have been made by you to tread the Saviour's steps, and that is now called away from earth to heaven, is your dear one forever. Those members of your flock, dear pastor—those children of the school, beloved teachers—those poor savages, kind missionary—whom you have tended well on earth, will shine forever in the firmament above. Let us then be up and doing. Let such a thought stir our hearts into earnest longing desires for souls. Be it ours to make a business of going and seeking out the lost. Here is surely a noble work—a glorious undertaking! It is not like earth's employments that are all transient and ephemeral. Here is a task worthy of your highest powers. What an incentive to win souls, that they will be yours forever! Let us so live and work that our diadem in heaven will be like that of the Son of God. His crown is made up of the men whom he has saved from sin and death, and the Christian's crown will be composed of those whom he has been the means of saving. Oh, what thoughts are these! We must be worse than dead, if our hearts are not stirred at the recital. Let us rise then from our lethargy. Let us awake out of sleep. Let us be up and doing, for the time is at hand when the Master will take account of the living stones we have added to his glorious temple in the skies. Surely, inertness, coldness or indifference is altogether incompatible with the life and character of him who is called to be a winner of souls—a fisher of men. Let the world be indifferent as to the value of a human soul; but let it not be said that you, the follower of Christ, are other than your Master was when He came from heaven to earth “to seek and save the lost.” *Amen.*

“And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, said the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; *and their works do follow them.*” REV. XIV. 13.





